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May 23, 1934 • Carmel

RALPH CHAMBERLAIN HARRISON
LIBRARY

Using the Proverbial Proverb . . .

THERE is an old Arabian proverb, or perhaps it is Chinese, or Hindustani; or maybe it isn't a proverb at all, but the thought goes something like this: "A gentle Voice may be heard even in the Wilderness."

So, apropos of the forthcoming TOWN CRIER, may we, in "gentle voice," be heard in the wilderness of myriad publications, humbly asking your assistance in making our former VILLAGER the sort of news-magazine you will enjoy?

The reason for our change of name is simple; we, the staff, are ambitious. Ambitious for a wider field for our little journal, ambitious for the outside world to have a really true picture of the men and women and the spirit of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

That is why we want you to feel that your

contributions to the TOWN CRIER will be greatly appreciated. Carmel is not so ridiculous as the outside Press sometimes pretends. True, we have our follies, our poseurs, as what other town hasn't?

But we also have a great many intelligent, well read, interesting people. Writers and artists who work as hard as any brawny lad on the tough end of a pick and shovel. These workers are the folk we cry out to in a "gentle voice."

Come out of your wilderness and tell us what you think, show us what you paint, that we, in our turn, may show the rest of the world what you are. Dozens of outsiders, grand writers, too, are contributing *now*. So hop to it, Villagers, and send in your stuff.

And, above all, criticize us, and never mind using a "gentle voice" to do it. Yell, and we'll react. Thank you! —P. O'C.

Ave Atque Vale Perry Newberry!

AS THIS ISSUE goes to press we regret to hear that Perry Newberry will be absent from the local journalistic field for the next few months. Illness makes it imperative that the grand old man of the *Pine Cone* take a rest. As a rival publication we regret this, for no one could ask for a better, keener opponent than Perry. As a friend, we are sorry, because we know that being in the

harness means much to him. But we sincerely hope that the rest will recuperate Perry sufficiently to return with added vigor, not only for his own sake, or the *Pine Cone's*, but so that our own staff will be constantly on its toes endeavoring to keep ahead of him. Perry is as much of Carmel as is the Forest Theater, the pines, or the sea itself. Good health, Perry, and good luck! —P. O'C.

The Villager • Carmel-by-the-Sea • California

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Mayor Jim Thoburn, In Council Meeting, Holds Chair Hardily

With Mayor "Jim" Thoburn in the chair, all the Councilmen present, the City Clerk and City Attorney on hand, and twelve spectators out in front, an adjourned meeting of the Carmel City Council was called to order at 8:15 p.m. last Wednesday.

Requests to erect business signs, one by George E. Blair on Dolores Street, the other by Charmak and Chandler on Ocean Avenue, were granted, subject to approval by the Street Commissioner.

A resolution to create a Mayor's entertainment and expense fund in the amount of \$100 annually was introduced by Councilman John Catlin and concurred in without debate.

On receiving from the City Attorney an opinion to the effect that the city would be liable for damage in case of accident incidental to the city's participation in the proposed tri-city recreational program, a former resolution to appoint a local committee of five to act for Carmel, was rescinded on motion of Councilman Joseph Burge. However, there was no objection to the suggestion that the cost of additional insurance be ascertained, and Judge George L. Wood was delegated to obtain the desired data.

Action on the prepared resolution requesting establishment of a submarine base somewhere on Monterey Bay was deferred in order that additional information may be presented.

Fears of many residents that drastic or precipitate action would be taken by the Council in the allotment of funds for the public library were allayed by a conservative discussion of the entire matter. A suggestion by Councilman Catlin that, with the cooperation of the State Legislature, a library district might be formed, thus distributing the taxation over a wider area, was favorably received.

Adjournment was taken to the regular meeting on Wednesday evening, June 6th.

Jean Muir Shows Decided Talent

Jean Muir, newly heralded star of "As the Earth Turns," amply deserves the praise the critics are giving her. Last week at the Carmel theatre this blond heroine gave a charming and sincere performance in a beautifully photographed, simple and tender story. Norma Shearer, always a Thalberg, "mugs" most of her work in "Rip Tide" and, playing opposite an actor of such quiet dignity as Herbert Marshall, Miss Shearer suffers justly.

Coming this week we are glad to recommend such a gay, insouciant rascal as Robert Montgomery in "The Mystery of Mr. X." "Stand Up and Cheer" has been postponed and in its place will be shown Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee." The play to look forward to, my hearties, is "Catherine the Great," wherein Alexander Korda, discarded by Hollywood (see Hollywood Departure in this issue) does one of the finest pieces of direction in many a year.

Girl Scout Camp To Be Held in July

As the Carmel City Council has withdrawn its support of the tri-city recreational plan, the Director of the Carmel Girl Scouts wishes the Carmel mothers to know that there will be a Girl Scout day-camp at Pacific Grove during the month of July only. Any information may be obtained from Mrs. G. H. Burnette.

Community Players Now A Corporation

Filing of legal papers in Sacramento last week makes the Carmel Community Players a corporation of standing in legal phraseology as a non-profit corporation, it was learned today. Mrs. Sidney Fish is the president of the corporation.

The first production under this new arrangement will be Gordon Davis' first effort in direction here, "Dangerous Corner," by the eminent novelist, J. B. Priestly.

A stellar local cast, comprising Olga Fish, Paula Dougherty, Lloyd Weer, Byington Ford and many other luminaries will be seen in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the nights of May 30 and 31, and June 1 and 2.

"Dangerous Corner" is a mystery melodrama, replete with thrills, and is what is known in the parlance of the trade as a "director's show." In this case it happens to be a director directing many directors. Mrs. Dougherty is well remembered for her masterly handling of "Hay Fever" and By Ford added new laurels to his crown as the director of "No. 9 Pine Street."

Wedded, Married, Divorced, Re-wed

Blair Gordon Newell, 28, sculptor, was wed to Gloria Stuart Thursday and on Friday he was granted a divorce and married to Amelia Bubeshko, 22, on Saturday. Gloria Stuart is the well-known picture star, while the present Mrs. Newell was one of her former husband's art students. The divorce was obtained in Juarez, Mexico.

The couple will spend their honeymoon in San Francisco, possibly coming here later.

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

Jester's Death

A MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT

By PIERRE DU CROI

(Production Note: Austere simplicity is the motif for this play. The costumes are of mediaeval richness, but the manner of the actors is not that of Middle Europe of that period, but of Ireland, always a harsh, rather cruelly beautiful land. The scene is a room in an ancient castle. The time is that of the Crusades, and as the curtain rises we see tall wax tapers flickering on the bier of a dead King. The stage is draped in a brown velvet effect with a stained glass window high in the background. A Court Jester, clad in his red and yellow Fool's motley with a cape covering somewhat his cap and bells, is crouched on the steps right. His bauble lies fallen beside him. He is sobbing. In the distance a monk's chant, soft Gregorian music, is heard. Two soldiers are standing at either side of the stage down R. and L. holding their halberds in an "at ease" manner. **The Curtain Rises . . .**)

THE FOOL: Oh, my Master . . . my Master . . . dead . . . Oh . . . Oh . . . !

1ST SOLDIER: (Relaxing his guard and going over near the Fool)

Peace, Fool, do you think you are the only one who mourns him?

2ND SOLDIER: Leave the poor Jester alone, Brian, can't you see he's not like us?

1ST SOLDIER: I know . . . I know . . . but I like not this death watch. Who'd ever a thought the time would come for us to be seein' Black Michael dead?

2ND SOLDIER: An' him a-dyin' in a bed, too. God, was he not the man? What a fighter . . .

1ST SOLDIER: And them tellin' us a poison killed him . . . a poison . . . a man like him!

2ND SOLDIER: There's some ill work about it, mark you, and I like it not.

1ST SOLDIER: Mind you the time Black Michael fought four Saracens with his wild swingin' o' that great sword that lies there at his side?

2ND SOLDIER: Do I? And me a-lyin' on the field beneath him, grievous wounded in this thigh? (slaps his leg) Do I remember? Huh?

1ST SOLDIER: Man, what a fighter, and not a scratch on him. Then all of a sudden-like, he orders us home here to Ireland, sayin' he's failin' fast of a poison-tipped arrow.

2ND SOLDIER: Damn my eyes, I don't like the looks of it, there's some at amiss.

1ST SOLDIER: Aye, but hark ye, the Abbot and the monks are a-comin'. Get back and guard your passageway and I'll to mine. 'Tis not for the likes of us to be a-talkin' here.

2ND SOLDIER: He wouldn't a minded. Not him! (The Jester is heard to sob again)

1ST SOLDIER: Easy, Fool cryin' won't bring him back. Take heart, lad. (They exit. The procession of monks enters, the Abbot at

their head, carrying a censer of holy water. They parade slowly around the bier, chanting. This takes long enough to give a good pictorial effect. If more time is needed, the castle servants may follow them in, each one kneeling at the bier and making the sign of the cross. Soldiers saluting, etc.)

THE FOOL: (Sobbing through the monks' chant in the background) Oh, my Master . . . no longer will any of you serve good Black Michael of Connemarra . . . he's to be buried now . . . Oh . . . oh . . . o . . .

(As the music fades in the distance, the corpse raises its head)

THE KING: Softly, my Fool, soft . . . are they gone?

THE FOOL: (Eagerly) They are going, Sire, but they will return as soon as Milord Abbot says a Mass for your soul. (He laughs)

THE KING: Easy, Cuan, tell me, what of my Queen? Is she coming?

THE FOOL: Aye, Master, and as we planned. She comes escorted by the Baron Fitz-Guilebert. Our plan doth work to perfection!

THE KING: I hope to God you are wrong, Cuan O'Leary.

THE FOOL: And have our journey all the way back from Jerusalem for nothing? Ah, no, Sire, my information was too true for that.

THE KING: My heart lies heavy within me, Cuan, for it is not my way to carry on such a deceit as this.

THE FOOL: Was not deceit practiced upon you, Sire?

THE KING: Have it as you say, Fool, but what if your story be unfounded and without the truth?

THE FOOL: Then can you return to the Crusades, Sire. Stronger than ever against the Infidel.

THE KING: But what if there be an Infidel in my own castle, what then, Fool?

THE FOOL: Your sword is at your side, Sire!

THE KING: Pray that I use it not then, Cuan. Here, help me to arise.

THE FOOL: Quickly, my Master. Take my motley cape. And, Sire, sob most heartily as I did, but remember not to speak! (They change places)

THE KING: Ah, what a Kingly figure you make, Cuan O'Leary, lying there all in state. A better King than I, I must admit. Yonder guardsman should see you now.

THE FOOL: You jest, Sire. Not even in death could I impersonate yourself.

THE KING: Flattering knave . . . be still, I hear someone coming! (The King crouches

in the same manner as that of the Fool previously. His face is hidden by the cape as the young and very beautiful Queen enters. She is accompanied by a dark, short-bearded, soldierly man, Baron Fitz-Guilebert.)

THE BARON: But what mad idea is this, Mary? Why do you come here now?

THE QUEEN: Sh! . . . Milord, it was Michael's last wish, his Jester told me.

THE BARON: Must you submit to the whim of yonder cringeing fool? Nonsense, Mary!

THE QUEEN: Milord, thou art in the presence of death!

THE BARON: Death? What is death? I fear; it not. But I do wish you'd send that Fool away. He was too much the shadow of him who lies there yonder. What is this idolatry that fills the castle for a man like him. Why must we obey his wishes?

THE QUEEN: I pray you, Milord Guilebert, do not speak that way. It sounds so . . . so . . . For my part, dearest, I am glad poor Michael died before he found us out. But now that he is dead . . . I . . . I . . . feel shamed . . .

THE BARON: Shamed? That's like a woman. I suppose that from now on Michael will be a hero in your eyes?

THE QUEEN: He was a kind man, Baron, and for that reason alone, I will be kind to his Fool. As you say, they were shadows, and if they don't wish to part just yet, let them be. At least, Michael had him . . .

THE BARON: If this Michael meant so much to you, why . . . ?

THE QUEEN: Please don't, Milord. You know it is you I love, only just now . . . I am so very sad . . .

THE BARON: (gently) I know you are, Mary. Don't think me altogether unkind. But if only yon Michael were alive, I could kill for you in a fair fight. I like not this business of having to woo you with a dead King for my rival.

THE QUEEN: Ah, Milord, I respect your jealousy, my friend. The fault is not yours, but mine. Michael was so much older than I. We were betrothed when I was almost a babe in arms. Warring meant more to Michael than did marriage.

THE BARON: I myself thought the same, Mary, that war was the only thing for a man, until I met you . . .

THE QUEEN: Oh, can you not see how foolish and futile war is? Don't ever leave me as Michael did.

THE BARON: Think what it means, though, my Queen, for a man to die an honorable death!

THE QUEEN: Why did all this have to happen? Why couldn't Michael have died, then, on the battle field as he would have desired it . . . ?

THE BARON: Because, somehow, O Queen, I have found out that men never get their dearest wish in this life. Even now, I know that you and I will never . . .

THE QUEEN: Will never . . . why, what do you mean?

THE BARON: I mean that Death has cheated me, even as I cheated him. (*gestures to King*)

THE QUEEN: Don't say that, Milord, you know that I love you and you alone. On my word, never have I loved before.

THE BARON: It is most fair of you to say that, my sweet, but alas, it cannot be. It is a harsh soldiering man that I am. And not having known love until you made me know it, even now, why, I barely realize my loss.

THE QUEEN: Why do you speak this way, what is it that you mean?

THE BARON: (*taking her in his arms*) My dearest one, as I said, man's greatest desire always remains a fantasy in this life. Oh, my sweet, sentiment runs not easily from me, I know not what to say.

THE QUEEN: You speak somewhat deathly, Milord.

THE BARON: My heart seems dying within me, my Queen.

THE QUEEN: Melancholy touches you, Milord. Come, let us go out onto the turrets here. I, too, feel as if someone were watching me. (*She starts to go*)

THE BARON: No, Mary, stay. If it was yonder dead man's wish that we remain until the Mass is said, remain we shall.

THE QUEEN: The dead King affects you strongly, Milord.

THE BARON: He rankles my Norman pride, Mary. I had thought no better man than I ever lived.

THE QUEEN: (*softly*) None does.

THE BARON: (*slowly*) One did.

(*At this point an "Ave Maria" is heard and then, from off the stage, the Abbot's voice is heard in the chapel, praying in Latin. The Queen and the Baron kneel and cross themselves. The Kingly Jester is seen watching them very closely. At the long drawn out "Amen," the Baron rises first, his face is changed.*)

THE QUEEN: (*still kneeling*) And may God have mercy on his soul.

THE BARON: (*facing the audience*) And upon mine. Amen. (*hangs his head*)

THE QUEEN: (*coming over to him*) Why, what is it, Milord? You seem changed.

THE BARON: I . . . I . . . am changed.

THE QUEEN: I understand you not. What do you mean?

THE BARON: My course is altered. The hawk is no longer in flight.

THE QUEEN: You are being mystical?

THE BARON: I am being a man, perhaps. You see, my sweet Queen, I am no courtier. And, born a warrior, I wish to die a warrior.

THE QUEEN: Methinks I like not this talk.

THE BARON: Nor do I, my dear one.

THE QUEEN: Take me once in your arms again.

THE BARON: (*refusing*) My arms have died with my heart, my Queen.

THE QUEEN: I'd never thought that I should have to ask you thus.

THE BARON: Please don't tempt me, my sweet.

THE QUEEN: Is it because yonder dead man

still haunts you? The dead are dead, you know . . .

THE BARON: Nothing but mine own mind troubles me, my Queen.

THE QUEEN: Then why should it be I who asks for love?

THE BARON: You know you need never ask, Mary, for ever and ever it is granted . . . from . . . from him . . . (*gestures to King*) . . . and always, from me . . .

THE QUEEN: I like not these heroics. I am not amused.

THE BARON: I am sorry, Mary, but the time for amusement is gone, as I go, too.

THE QUEEN: Go? What is this talk of going? Where?

THE BARON: I go to take his place. This time, Mary, on the Field of Honor, rather than the Field of Shame.

THE QUEEN: Oh, Milord! Not . . . not the Crusades? (*Runs to his arms*)

THE BARON: It is the least I can do.

THE QUEEN: Oh, Milord!

THE BARON: I must, Mary, it is my fate.

THE QUEEN: You would leave me?

THE BARON: As my dream of happiness, yes.

THE QUEEN: Methinks your chivalry gets the better of you.

THE BARON: Don't jest, my sweet, for I have a presentiment . . .

THE QUEEN: Please, let us not wait for the Abbot. Come. Perhaps away from here you will change your mind, your stubborn, Norman mind.

THE BARON: I plight you my troth here, Mary, for tomorrow I may . . .

THE QUEEN: Don't say it! Enough of this morbidity.

THE BARON: I am morbid only because of my love for you.

THE QUEEN: Your words belie you, Sir.

THE BARON: Words are not my weapons, my Queen, but now, ere I take my leave, I will tell you . . .

THE QUEEN: What will you tell me? (*rather hopefully*)

THE BARON: I . . . I am not sure.

(*The monks' chorus grows louder as they approach to come for the body.*)

THE QUEEN: Then come, Milord, we must away, ere the good fathers come here for . . . him.

THE BARON: Would you have one last look at his face? (*makes as if to remove cloth*)

THE QUEEN: (*stopping him quickly*) No! No! Not now . . . nor ever . . .

THE BARON: Gently, Mary, gently. Nor can I . . . ever . . . again. (*they exit*)

THE FOOL: (*excitedly*) My Master! You heard . . . you saw . . . why did you not kill?

THE KING: Be quiet, Cuan, yes . . . I . . . I heard . . .

THE FOOL: (*Triumphantly*) And so did I, and I was right, Master!

THE KING: Were you, my Fool? I wonder . . . what is right?

THE FOOL: But before your very eyes, Sire,

and they spoke of love!

THE KING: What is love, Fool?

THE FOOL: God knows, but this is neither time nor place to talk of such . . .

THE KING: Nor to talk of anything, my friend. Here, take back your motley cape.

THE FOOL: Why, what do you do, Sire?

THE KING: Again we exchange our places in life.

THE FOOL: But I don't understand . . .

THE KING: Who does? Perhaps it is not given to either of us to understand, only for us to obey.

THE FOOL: But what of the Queen?

THE KING: Aye, what . . . of . . . the Queen?

THE FOOL: And the Baron? Does he not die?

THE KING: He dies, Cuan, perhaps in accordance with his dearest wish . . .

THE FOOL: Master, Master, what do you mean?

THE KING: Nothing much, Jester. *When the funeral cortege arrives, and presently I shall be buried . . .*

THE FOOL: Sire, are you mad?

THE KING: Mad? Perhaps divinely so . . . after all, it is not given to many men to thus attend their own funeral. (*he laughs*)

THE FOOL: (*horror stricken*) By the Body of Christ! You will be buried alive!

THE KING: Be quiet, Cuan. And upon mine honor, I charge you to keep all this to yourself. It is my command!

THE FOOL: (*pitifully*) But my King!

THE KING: (*as he resumes his place on the catafalque*) The King is dead! (*laughs*) Long live the King!

(*And now the funeral procession enters beautiful pageantry. The Abbot heads the sombre monks, the servitors and soldiers follow, and after all have taken their places, there is a slight pause, and then the young Queen and the Baron enter. She has been weeping. They stand down stage apart from the others. This time the Jester is really sobbing his heart out on the steps. In a low, monotone voice, the Abbot prays in Latin. This may take one minute or more. The Queen cannot control herself.*)

THE QUEEN: (*slightly hysterical*) Oh . . . Michael!

THE BARON: Mary!

(*The Abbot finishes, and as the monks are about to lift the body of the King, Cuan O'Leary, the Fool, rushes over to the Baron, seizes his dagger from him and dashing up the steps of the bier, plunges it into the heart of his King. One arm falls out from under the shroud in a death reflex, quivering for a moment on the great sword.*)

THE QUEEN: (*In a scream, a portent of her approaching madness*) Mother of Jesus! He was alive!

THE BARON: God!

THE FOOL: (*turns, laughing hysterically, raises the dagger on high, plunges it into his own heart, crying*) THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING! (*He falls at the feet of his master as the Queen shrieks horribly and*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS
NOVEL

(Wherein our hero turneth thespian and handeth a goblet to a dying wench in an undignified manner and getteth expelled again from a local Hall of Learning).

CHAPTER 5

Naturally I got a lot of kidding from the nitwits around town, but that didn't bother me as I hinted that there were pretty grave reasons for my leaving the ship and it burnt 'em up not to know what they were. I regretted not being able to think up some myself.

I was playing tennis one afternoon, and wondering how much longer P. Morris would last in Stanford, and worrying that it might be quite a while without me to help him get kicked out; when in one of the other courts I saw Jack Snell with a darned attractive girl. She was a blonde and I felt hurt to realize that Jackie was there first.

He didn't want to introduce me but he couldn't get out of it and when I found out that her name was Rosebud Blondell and that she had just come to town and had also just enrolled at the Santa Monica High School, it didn't take me long to drop around and act thirsty for learning in front of Old Barnum, the principal.

He was pleasantly surprised and worked awfully hard mapping out a course for me, that, if I passed, would get me back into Stanford very legitimately in about six or seven years. I told him I wanted to be just a special student, with special privileges. I was stalling until I found out what course the Blondell was taking.

We got along quite well. I was in enough of the same classes to make Snell feel badly and they were all pipes—Art, Journalism, which is a snap, and a course in Drama.

It was the Drama course that led to my undoing.

You see, Rosebud was born in a dressing room, figuratively speaking, and had toured darn near all over the world with her family, who had played all the big and little time vaudeville.

She is better known now, perhaps, as Joan Blondell, the moving picture star.

The Drama teacher was an ancient dame who once knew Jane Cowl or someone and had never gotten over it. Buddy and I had a lot of fun there, until I talked the Drama

Department into staging Justin Huntley McCarthy's "If I Were King," thinking I would get a crack at the leading role of Francois Villon. I had it, too, until the faculty squawked at a special student, with no scholastic standing, having the lead role in the Senior Class Play. That's like a faculty.

Rosebud played *Lady Katherine de Vaucelles* and a dumb cluck off the football squad, with the physique of a Greek God and the mentality of a Greek shoeblack, played Villon. I chiseled into the spot of assistant director and also the part of Olivier, the bloody barber pal of King Louis. I also took over the publicity and borrowed a bunch of horses from the local riding academy. Those horses raised what might be gently termed difficulties. Horses do that.

Mrs. Blondell by this time was getting a bit fed up on my taking so much of Rosebud's pleasure hours, and I had made it a point to cut the rest of the mugs out; Snell having given up a long time ago and was speaking to me again. Being a bum, it was not hard, naturally, for an old-timer like Mrs. Blondell to recognize me as such.

She was nice about it, but she didn't want anything serious to come of my friendship with her daughter. Neither did I, for I've always been against such things as marriage as a matter of principle. A principle, unfortunately, not always adhered to!

As I say, Buddy was a great sport, although she had really traveled so much that I couldn't hand her the same guff I did the local wenches. She'd trip me up every time, but we did have fun.

While the show was rehearsing, I gave up going to classes altogether, and felt much better for it. As a matter of fact, I think my teachers did, too.

To get back to those horses. My idea was to get the big slab-sided heroes of the football team all dressed up in armor and ride them through the town on horseback to publicize "If I Were King."

We all enjoyed it, except when we presented a scroll of fake parchment to the Mayor, and Vince Keating's horse misbehaved all over the Mayor's feet. We also trampled up the lawn on the City Hall pretty badly, but that was nothing to what happened when we rode the nags up the steps. The City Hall steps weren't so darned high, but the horses thought they were.

They wouldn't come back down, even when we got off and prodded them with our broadswords. Being by nature excitable, their misbehaviour while in this sad plight was simply tremendous. The City Hall looked like the Aegean stables before Hercules turned the river through it.

The Mayor and the city councilmen were put out about it but the local paper and even some of the Los Angeles ones made some very pertinent cracks about carrying coals to Newcastle.

The show was a success, although I had been so busy with the publicity that I hadn't had time to learn my lines. There was a part where I had to rush on and ask the dying *Huguette* if she would like a slug of water, to which she replied, very sensibly, "Not water, wine!"

When I returned after looking all over backstage for the prop goblet, I handed it to the dying girl upside down. She being the daughter of the already insulted Mayor it didn't help matters any when the audience howled.

I got a suit of armor for my room out of it, and the thought that I really had given the town a good production. This consoled me when Barnum asked me to please try being a special student somewhere else. I think he had Sing Sing in mind but he was too dignified to say so.

(And herewith ends, temporarily at least, the tale of the Adolescent. Whether he grew up or not, we leave it to you to judge. At any rate, unless there is a definite demand for more of this novel, it ends herewith. Ed.)

Phillip Nesbitt Showing at Denny-Watrous Gallery

Phillip Nesbitt, caricaturist, artist, portraitist of Tahitian fish and Hollywood celebrities, has an interesting exhibit now hanging in the Denny-Watrous Gallery here.

Nesbitt, who is taking a staff position on *Esquire*, the "magazine for men that women read," has been a leading contributor of covers and illustrations for Rob Wagner's *Script* in Beverly Hills. While in Hollywood he also did some interesting work for the Mickey Mouse people.

Several bits of Nesbitt's earlier work show a lack of surety, but his later drawings are maturing and leave no doubt that he will be an asset to the ultra-smart publications of the effete East. The Arno effect is present in Nesbitt, but whether the lusty humor of Peter Arno is also present in Phillip Nesbitt only time will tell. Or maybe *Esquire*.

Hospital Fund Subscribers To Meet Friday

Although the amount desired has not yet been reached, enough money and pledges have come in to make sure that the Community Hospital will be carried on to a successful conclusion, it was announced this week.

The closing of the Carmel Hospital and the closing later on of the El Adobe Hospital in Monterey made it imperative that the Peninsula Community Hospital open as soon as possible.

A new, better and more economical plan for the addition of the surgical and maternity wards has been prepared and this, together with the selection of four directors to be appointed by the corporation to its Board, will be acted upon at a meeting of the subscribers on Friday afternoon at 4:30 at All Saints Parish House in Carmel.

The subscribers are also expected, at this meeting, to lay plans for the agreement, under which the subscribed funds will be turned over to the Clinic corporation.

Charmak and Chandler Will Open Next Week

Charmak and Chandler, well known Monterey clothiers, who are opening an exclusive men's clothing store, were all set to open their new store on May 25th on Ocean Avenue, across from the library.

A last minute rush prevents this, so the gala event will take place early next week, when many friends are expected to attend the occasion.

Maruchess Plays on Viol of Love

Alix Young Maruchess, playing the viola and the viola d'amore, thrilled a large audience at the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Saturday night. Clad in an old-fashioned costume, her hair done in a most attractive old world style, this musician added showmanship to a musical talent that amounted to genius.

Ralph Linsley's usual splendid accompaniment assisted Miss Maruchess.

A native of Edinburgh, Scotland, now resident in New York, she came to Carmel on a tour of the South and West.

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

Life More Abundant

A SOCIAL CREDIT PROPHECY

By BERNARD ROWNTREE

CHAPTER 3

JUNE

"Carl, are we always going to be able to buy everything at twenty-five percent discount?"

"I don't know, Madge. They figure it out every three months. By the way, this is the third month, so we will know on the first of July what it is going to be for the next three months."

"What do you think, Carl? Had we better save our money until next month?"

"It does not seem just right to do that. People think it will be more the next three months because they started off with less than some people think it could have been, but I understand they did not want to frighten people by making conditions too good all of a sudden."

"But, Carl, will it ever get less than twenty-five percent?"

"Some people think it will, but that could only be if we bought more of what all the factories could make and the farmers could grow. Some day the engineers will improve the machines faster than we use what they make and as long as they can make more than we use, we will have the Price Discount."

"Carl, does that mean that we ought not to buy all we need or can use, so as to keep the Discount high?"

"I don't think so, Madge. The main thing is that we have the chance to buy as never before. You know, people are beginning to call money purchasing power, and not to think so much about saving it. They are not so scared of the future and if we are not afraid of the future, we are not going to think so much about saving for it."

"Yes, I see. At our bridge club yesterday, one of the girls said it made her think of that old saying, 'What a grand and glorious feeling'."

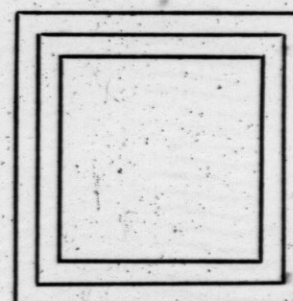
"And I heard that instead of the idea of making the farmers grow less than they could, all the restrictions have been taken off and someone has found a way to grow more, and still people are buying all the farmers can raise, but they are buying more machines so I don't think we need to worry about them making the Price Discount any less for some time. Anyway, if they did it would mean that everybody was buying an awful lot."

"But Carl, can you tell me how they figure what the Price Discount should be?"

"To tell the truth, Madge, I never bothered much about how they do it, but I think it means that if we bought all the whole country could make, there would be no discount. If we bought just half of it, the discount would be fifty percent, and so on."

"Does that mean, Carl, that we are buying three-quarters of what the country could make if all the factories worked hard as they could?"

"It would if they had started off right, but as I said before, the papers say the discount was not made as much as it could have been; as they were afraid people might get the jitters if they only paid half what they had been paying. I suppose it takes time to get a thing like this going properly. Anyway we must not grumble. Prices have not gone up and we are getting a dollar and thirty-three cents worth for each dollar we spend."



OPENING

yeah!

EARLY NEXT WEEK

Charmak & Chandler

MEN'S SHOP

Ocean Avenue at Lincoln
across from Library
Carmel

WE
WILL FEATURE
A COMPLETE LINE OF
MEN'S WEAR OF
QUALITY AND
DISTINCTION

Poetry

Hysterical Ode to the A.A.A.

C.C.C. N.R.A. B.V.D

(Dedicated with aplomb to
Clarence Darrow)

Here we be, in our hour of need
People of plenty, why do we heed
Apostles of greed who condemn us for
Planting the food, digging the ore
That begets us all a chance to rest,
To enjoy the fruits our labor blest—
In cities some toil and others starve,
While rich men have their goose to carve—
Babies cry for needed milk,
Statesmen mumble, all their ilk
Forget the fact that this land is free
And the right to live is for you and me.
Why should we heed in our hour of need
The politician greed or the communist seed?
Or the cry of havoc the fascists show—
For what use is all that in a land aglow
With crops and harvests clean in the sun,
And men who glory in work well done.
For our men were such in the days of old,
They hewed and they plowed and they dug
their gold—
But now? Well, friend, pray tell me soon,
How would a fellow like Daniel Boone
React if an Indian Chief would say
"You've hunted five hours and the N.R.A.
Says hunters have got to live up to the Code.
Go back on the trail over which you've rode
And tell your Chiefs and your white squaws
too,
That they can't have this land till the alpha-
bet's through!"

—MICHAEL HOLCROFT

Pullman Ballade

I put some books in my trav'ling bag,
Knowing that I would have days to pore,
Knowing full well that time would not drag,
While poring on plots and speeding o'er
The continent to the eastern shore,
Poring on tomes of scintillant tales,
Riding, reading, en route, to the roar
And rumble of wheels on rhythmic rails.
When books are banal my spirits flag—
Hence precaution against being bored;
I put a parcel deep in the bag—
Treasured parcel, a once contraband
hoard.
With bag and baggage I went aboard,
Settled in one of those Pullman nooks,
Read a trite passage, thereafter po(u)red,
Just from the parcel, not on the books.

—TOM THIENES

An Open Letter

MISS HARRIET MONROE, Editor,
MAGAZINE OF POETRY, CHICAGO

Dear Miss: If all the quatrains from my
quill
Were pyramided the peak would ascend
To an altitude higher than any hill
Or mountain in California. Friend,
If all the odd verses which I have penned,
In moods influenced by glee or deep gloom,
Were set in one line or laid end to end
They would almost reach your composing
room.

—TOM THIENES

The Story of the Cowboy

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By JACK E. DALTON

In the history of the world there has never
been a man more written up or talked about
than the American cowboy. His history has
filled books by the hundred. Movies have
horses, roping steers, rescuing fair maidens
in distress, fighting outlaws and battling
Indians.

The cowboy is supposed to have originated
in America but, by reading the Bible, you'll
find that Pharaoh had a bunch of Yiddish
cowpunchers looking after his spotted herds.
There has been very little written about the
true life or the everyday life of the cow-
hand, the way he lives and the different
kinds of work that he does.

He is an outdoor man that has done more to
build up the West than any other class of
pioneer. His home is always on the new
frontier. He never stays long after a country
starts to settle. With the coming of the
squatter and his wire fences, he saddles his
mount, packs his bed horse with his round-
up bed and few belongings consisting of a
few saddle and pack horses, a rifle and a
couple of big single-action Colts.

He might sell or soak everything else, but
his bed, saddle, boots and spurs are the tools
of his trade. Without them he can't work.
A cowboy must be sure enough broke to
peddle his bed or his saddle.

His work starts in the early spring, while
the snow is still deep on the ground, about
a month before the spring round-up.

All the horses that are used in the summer
are turned out on the range to shift for
themselves. As soon as the Fall wagon pulls
into the home ranch, the winter mounts are

gathered and the summer strings turned
out. Different saddle horses are used in the
summer and winter.

A cowboy's summer saddle horse string con-
sists of from ten to twenty mounts, his win-
ter string not more than four.

With the spring round-up drawing close,
the cowboys begin to drift in to the ranches
they worked for the season before, or any
other outfits they may want to work for.

Corrals and fences are put in shape to hold
the remuda when it's brought in off the
range. Saddles, bridles and ropes are gone
over and put in repair.

Big tales are told in the bunk houses of what
happened during the winter. A cowboy is
a natural story-teller.

The first move of the spring work is the
cook banging on a dishpan at four-thirty
in the morning bellowing, "Come and get it,
cowboys, or out she goes!"

Sleepy, grumbling punchers roll out, wash
their faces in ice-cold water at the pump by
the horse trough in the yard, then they file
shivering and shaking into the cook shack,
bolt down a hurried breakfast with numerous
cups of black coffee, strong enough to float
a horseshoe. Then they hurry out in the
dark to the corral, rope their horses, saddle
up and start for the saddle horse range
which is almost always fairly close to the
home ranch.

The round-up boss, or secunda, as he is
sometimes called, takes the lead.

In the history of the western cow camps,
there never was a bunch of cowboys that
left either the wagon or ranch without one
or more of the horses blowing the plug
which, in the language of the range, means
bucking. Everybody but the unlucky twister
on the short-tempered bronc gets a big kick
out of it.

(To be continued next week)

According to the will of the late George H.
Hazen, one of the most prominent of the old-
er publishers in the United States, Miss
Anne Hazen of Carmel Highlands is be-
queathed one-third of the estate, which is of
unknown value, but formally declared to be
in excess of \$20,000.

Can you imagine a corporation with an as-
sessed valuation of two million dollars? Its
real value is unknown for it includes 2200
souls who might be counted as assets, liabili-
ties, or stockholders, depending on your
point of view. Would a Board of Directors
of only five feel it was a serious job to con-
duct such a corporation? What about the
City of Carmel-by-the-Sea?

—THE SPECTATOR

Rock of Ages

By PROFESSOR HAROLD HEATH

Radium, like a colossal nugget, has started a rush on the part of scientists that recalls the frenzied days of '49. On the basis of its activities new chapters in chemistry and physics are being written feverishly, old ones are being revised, and footnotes are being added throughout the entire work. Through radium disintegration, it has been possible to determine the age of many rocks throughout the world.

With this time clock the geologist thumbs through nature's ancient atlas, and points to a mass of rock that now forms the backbone of the Monterey Peninsula. For two hundred and fifty millions of years, at least, it has stood there; from the time when the Gulf of Mexico was connected, through the Mississippi Basin and Central Canada, with arctic waters, and when the San Joaquin Valley was an inland sea. An island perhaps at first, or possibly connected by a slender arm with a much longer land to the eastward, it formed for sediments a nucleus that, like a few others to the north and south, have gradually evolved into our fair land.

But let us pause a bit to page Chambers of Commerce, Service Clubs and the Citizenry in general, for once again this old scientist is going to emphasize the undoubted fact that from the standpoint of earthquakes there is no safer locality than this peninsula.

Throughout the ages other lands have come and gone, tremendous earthquakes have rocked vast areas, and gigantic craters have belched forth hundreds of square miles of lava sheets. But through it all this ancient rockpile of ours has maintained a serene calm, and—but perchance we cannot do better than to quote an uncrowned bard who in an unwonted frenzy improvised the following immortal lines:

*If there should be another quake
For refuge hither turn.
For though the world should grind to death
This rock will still be firm.*

Many people believe that the misery and unhappiness in the world is caused by some kind of badness in human nature. Depending upon your individual belief, we have had people on this earth for six thousand or a million years, and history does not lead us to believe that human nature has changed much. Is not the evidence of what has been accomplished pretty good proof that there is more good than bad in existence? And that probably it is the conditions that are to blame more than any badness in human nature?

—THE SPECTATOR

Hollywood Departure

A CINEMATIC COMMENTARY

By PETER O'CROTTY

"It is not that I do not comprehend your country altogether, my friend," said Hans Jonn as we sat on the beach together, "it is that I do not understand myself in such surroundings.

"You have been very kind to me, Peter, you are sympathetic. You must get rid of those qualities, my friend, or you will not become a success, eh? Our comradeship comes to an end soon, and I think this is the last day wherein we may sit in this wonderful sunshine and talk, as we have done so often in the past. So I think I will confide in you.

"Neighbors are so different here from what they were in the village of my childhood, but these are strange times. When first I came to America, it seemed that everyone called upon me. But I found that what they wanted was to achieve through me, and not just to be my friends. You, Peter, have been different. You have given me your so delightful 'home beer,' as you call it, and you have made a splendid companion. Also you have eyes in your head, so what I tell you is not new, eh?

"You have seen that my little home by the sea is no longer the paradise that I intended it to be, and you perhaps observed of late, the continued absence of—of one who is dear to me?

"Of course you have, Peter, but I want you to know that I have tried. Ach, Gott! How I have tried!

"When I arrived in Hollywood one year ago, I was very, very happy. Such a great amount of money to pay a director and bring him all the way from Berlin. Such a grand welcome, so much greetings, photographs, stories in the newspapers. Like an emperor I felt with so many friends.

"But no pictures to direct! Such waiting, such a waste of good money. Here I am on a big contract and yet always they would say, never mind, we have not yet found a suitable story. Herr Gott, a man could write ten suitable stories in the time they wasted.

"But Elena and the kinder, how they do enjoy the new land. Such fun it is posing for the photographers. 'Elena Jonn and her two children, Hans and Gretel, with the famous German director, Herr Jonn, who will direct his beautiful wife in his first American picture.' As you know, it was not until Wil-not Hardy saw Elena that I was given a story.

"After that first and last picture, they release me from my contract. 'Why?' I ask Mr. Hardy. I say it was all that one could do with such material. But they say to me 'yes' and they mean 'no,' and I am no longer with the company. But my Elena they give a big contract and the great Hardy himself stoops to direct her in 'Satan's Saturday Night,' a filming of Faust in a bathtub as you say. Ach, it was worse than that. Of course Elena have legs. She have hips, thighs, and everything and nothing more than any other beautiful woman. But this Hardy he depicts them in a manner that is too much. I protest. What do they say? That I, Hans Jonn, the imported director is jealous! Jealous? I am ashamed. Even Elena, she would not let Hans and Gretel see it, so I think she is ashamed too.

"I try everywhere, at all the studios, but for some reason there seems to be prejudice, because I am foreigner. Why is that? I do not comprehend, and so finally, I find myself becoming housekeeper, nursemaid. I take the children daily to the beach here, where I make your kind acquaintance, Peter. The little villa I buy is no longer mine, the moneys they require you to pay each month are now being paid by Elena.

"What can I do? My Elena is very kind to me, but in her heart I think she feels I am failure. So much contact with what-do-you-call 100 per cent go-getter American producer who believes Art another name for Box Office failure. Her pictures I think are 'Cinderella' plots spelled 'Sin-derella' as you said in your newspaper reviews for Rob Wagner. What a relish for indecency these producers have! Do they really believe your American public wants only themes portraying procreation? I cannot believe it.

"But I say nothing. I take one or two continuities but always I fail. Hardy finds something wrong with them. Elena now goes everywhere with him. I protest but she tell me it is what-you-call 'policy.' In other words, kow-towing to the man who can make or break her. I plead with her to let us go back to Berlin. I will resume my work there and although the pay is not comparable to what it is in this country, at least they will give a man a chance.

"But my Elena is changed. I am become strange to her. The children she loves greatly but my failure I guess it is too much for her, for she seems to avoid me. At least that is what I think. When we suffer we are so

[continued on page twelve]



The Theatre

STAGE • CONCERT HALL • CINEMA

In London, the plays which are receiving attention are the "Drums Begin," by Howard Irving Young; "Macbeth," with Charles Laughton and Flora Robson in the leading roles; "The Three Sisters," by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd; Ibsen's "A Doll's House," with Mme. Lydia Lopokova as *Nora*; "Conversation Piece," with Yvonne Printemps and Noel Coward; "Nurse Cavell," by C. E. Roberts and C. S. Forester, with Nancy Price in the title role, and "Laughing Woman," by the author of "Richard of Bordeaux," the Scotch school-mistress who writes under the name of Gordon Daviot.

Produced as part of the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, David Stewart's new play, "Mutiny," is scheduled for the Malvern Festival this summer.

W. B. Yeats, at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, is now at work producing Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End."

The Greek National Theatre at Athens has recently presented "Agamemnon," the tragedy by Aeschylus, and many modern plays, as "John Gabriel Borkman," Shaw's "Man of Destiny," "The Cradle Song" and "Anna Christie."

In Northern Palestine, the villagers of Ain Tabun witnessed a production of "Jen Suss" by Habima. This theatrical company travels about the dusty country roads with actors

and properties piled high on two heavy motor trucks. "Jen Suss" is a dramatization of Feuchtwanger's novel by the Hebrew poet, Avi Shaul.

Ivan Moskvina, at the First Moscow Art Theatre, has scored a big success in a new dramatization of Golgol's "Dead Souls," by Michael Bulgakov. This great actor will soon be seen in the title role of "Moliere," written by the same Bulgakov.

Mrs. James C. Smith has been appointed Acting Postmaster of the Big Sur office down the Coast. She succeeds Mrs. John Pfeiffer.

At the invitation of the Trustees of the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library the members of the Carmel City Council attended a joint meeting of both bodies last Thursday evening.

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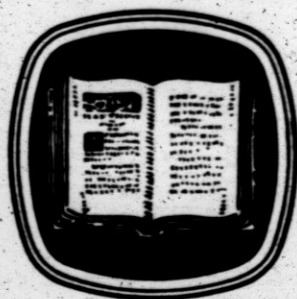
SH...SH...SH

Flash! Flash!
Leidig Gas!

Crowded out by a last minute rush of advertising, Dale Leidig, the well-known young-man-about-town, is not represented in this issue by the large ad he placed extolling the merits of TEXACO gasoline. Watch for it next week—twice as big!

HERE IT
IS

P.S. Watch for next week!



Book Reviews

REVIEWS OF RECENT WRITINGS

WHAT AMERICA IS READING TODAY

By JANET LARGE

"Anthony Adverse" by Hervey Allen still leads the list of best sellers, with Sinclair Lewis' "Work of Art" a close second. "Within This Present" by Margaret Ayer Barnes appears third on this list, followed by Alice Tisdale Hobart's "Oil for the Lamps of China." "The Postman Always Rings Twice" by James Cain, has fifth place.

For April the Book of the Month Club recommends "Seven Gothic Tales," by Isak Dinesen. It is a collection of seven short novels with an introduction by Dorothy Canfield.

At present there seems to be a flare for collections of short stories. "Kaleidoscope," by Stefan Zweig, appears this month and is said to be his finest book thus far, though his "Marie Antoinette" is still on the list of best sellers. "Kaleidoscope" contains thirteen long and short stories, all of which are good, some of which are distinguished and three are outstanding. "Buchmandel" is no doubt the best, while "The Burning Secret" and "Impromptu Study of a Handicraft" will probably appear in the next anthologies of noted modern short stories.

"In Sight of Eden," by Roger Verel, is a prize novel—the first this year to win the American-France award. This prize was presented recently to Willa Cather for her novel, "Shadows on the Rock." "In Sight of Eden" is a modern story of a group of Brittany fishermen who spend a tense summer off the coast of Greenland fishing for cod. It is a bright, salty sea story. It never lags in adventure or glamorous atmosphere, and has the driving force of its own Arctic gales.

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

Jean Ritchie

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC YARNS
BAGS / NEEDLEPOINT / NOVELTIES
EL PASO COURT / CARMEL

A FAMILY THAT DID THINGS

By W. L. OVERSTREET

Men and women of today who were born in the 1870s and 1880s will recall that their fathers related how Henry Ward Beecher, the eminent clergyman, in the midst of the War Between the States, set up in London a slave auction block, and thereby persuaded England to forego its potential support of the South.

In "Saints, Sinners and Beechers," authored by Lyman Beecher Stowe, just issued by Bobbs, Merrill, we have the record of a remarkable family. "What a family," writes one reviewer. And the author says of his ancestors that they were "amusing, lovable and outrageous."

When I was a boy I learned a jingle that ran something like this:

Henry Ward Beecher
Will not be a preacher
In 1903.

I never did know the significance of 1903, but I do know that I was influenced to read the famous Brooklyn Tabernacle sermons; they were dynamite. Then I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Some years after I came to Carmel to make my home it was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Caroline Beecher Silva and Mrs. Abby Beecher Abbott, two charming women. It did not take me long to establish the fact that they were of *The Beechers*, and I still get a thrill out of my discovery.

According to European standards, we Americans are still very "new," but we are old enough to have developed a number of generation-to-generation outstanding families. Not the least of these are the Beechers.

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Tenders of appointment to the Board of Trustees of the Monterey Union High School having been declined by three Monterey men, the position has been offered to Mrs. J. P. Sandholdt, who will probably accept it.

1 1 1

Alumni of Santa Clara University residing in Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz Counties have organized the Junipero Serra Chapter of that institution. Raymond Rudolph of Monterey was chosen Second Vice-president.

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MONTEREY

Hollywood Departure

continued from page nine]

sensitive that exaggeration is natural, eh?

"Then, what happens? Someone say to her that America is no place in which to bring up children for school. Last month Hans and Gretel go to Switzerland with governess, as you know. I am alone. Perhaps that is why I drink so much your good beer, Peter.

"Seldom do I see my Elena. She is now a great star, but I know she is not the actress she could become. I am alone continually. I miss the children. I come here and sit on the beach, watching the sea. Sometimes, Peter, I cry. Is that not so silly?

"Well, Peter, I think I go back to house now. I won't see you again. Shake hands, my friend, auf wiedersehn. Where am I going? Ach, yes, I did not told you. This morning there comes a very authoritative document from your Uncle Sam. It says I must return to Germany as I have stayed as long as a foreigner may. I am deported, eh? Where is Elena, you ask? Peter, my friend, she . . . she is on location with Mr. Hardy."

Ladies Rummaging

The ladies of All Saints Parish Guild are holding a three-day rummage sale in Sundial Court, next to the church, beginning tomorrow.

Why are children learning all the time? Why do so many adults stop learning? Probably it is because children associate—in their conversation and reading—with those who are better informed, whereas the majority of adults do not.

—THE SPECTATOR

Is it the meanness in men that brings on war, or war than brings out the meanness in men? Is it selfishness in men that makes them try to take advantage of their fellows, or is it fear of scarcity and its results for themselves and families, that makes them appear avaricious? Which is the cart and which the horse?

—THE SPECTATOR

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Let's Have Some Action!

By THE OBSERVER

I have been unable to find out how much we pay for our Police and Fire Departments throughout the country but I wonder if we would be content to pay the bill if they were not active.

For the fiscal year 1933 we paid \$787,825,960 for the upkeep of our Army and Navy but we don't seem to get much for our money.

You may laugh at my innocence or ignorance. But wait; we pay our policemen to prevent crime and our firemen to prevent fires and while neither is entirely successful, we are satisfied if they appear to be trying to do their best.

On the other hand, say what you like, we do not pay our Army and Navy to prevent war. Just look at the equipment we furnish them and the training they undergo. Is any part of that for the purpose of preventing war or to enable them to make war more efficiently?

Ought we not to get something for our money? Perhaps not a big war, but enough to keep them busy and use the equipment we buy for them, instead of letting it get out-of-date.

But, you say, the loss of life! What of it? Don't all these men enlist knowing that they are going into the business of killing; and that they must take a chance?

It should be possible to have just enough war to kill off sufficient to balance the number who would like to "join up" each year from our military and naval academies and it might be arranged to kill off those who would otherwise retire on half pay to go into competitive business or enjoy a life of leisure.

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MILTON LATHAM
Architect

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Anyway, we are paying a very large body of men to do something and then letting them shirk the job.

I say, put them to work. If they cannot find a little country to lick or some army or navy of their size to fight, let's disband them and spend our money for something we need more than a war.

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OUT

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OUT

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Highway Ruling To Be Fought

According to the contention of Attorney Russell Scott, the recently enacted zoning law, affecting property along the Carmel-San Simeon Highway, is unconstitutional. An action will shortly be filed in the Superior Court in Salinas.

Adventurers' Club Formed Here

Organization of a Carmel branch of the famed Adventurers' Club is under way. Stephen A. Reynolds and Sinclair Lewis founded the original club in New York City. Charter members were Robert Welles Ritchie, Albert Payson Terhune and other writers, soldiers, aviators and explorers. Clubs at Los Angeles and Chicago have large membership rolls.

Frisbees Are To Build Here

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Frisbee contemplate the building of a home near Carmel Point, having purchased property overlooking Carmel Valley. Mrs. Frisbee is the mother of Ann Harding, screen actress, who was a sojourner here a few weeks ago.

Peninsula Residents Receive Degrees

Of the 1871 men and women who received degrees from the various colleges of the University of California last Saturday, nine have their residence on the Monterey Peninsula. They are:

Richard L. Criley, Mary J. Meyer, Robert J. Dewes, all of Carmel; Laura M. Dings of Monterey; Leslie L. Bennett, Dorothy E. Mack, Edward Rostlund, Dorothy Scranton, all of Pacific Grove; and George E. Stone of Carmel Highlands, who received the degree of Master of Arts.

C A M E R A C R A F T

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Newlyweds Returned From Modesto

Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy and Walter Schirmer, both well known in Carmel, were married in Modesto last Saturday, the Rev. J. S. Long officiating. They will make their home here.

We may consider modern printing an art but it is doubtful if Shakespeare would. If books were as widely read in 1600 as today, the public would have known that William did not originate his plots.

Likewise, in 1350, if books were in common use, the people would have realized that the plots of Boccaccio (later used by Shakespeare) had been cribbed from the Arabian Nights.

—THE SPECTATOR

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

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Byways from Highways

CACHAGUA

Have you ever been to the Cachagua (pronounced Kashawa)? No? Do go soon. Set aside a whole day for this trip, and don't forget a picnic lunch. And your bathing suit.

Drive up through the Carmel Valley—up past the orchards, up through a little gorge with the Carmel River right at your feet. Finally, after going some twenty miles, you come to a sign post directing the way to the Cachagua. No matter how foggy or cold it is in Carmel, by the time you have driven ten miles up the valley, the sun is shining brightly.

The road now turns up and over the mountains to your right. From the top of these mountains you may look over the wildest

country left in California. A great proportion of this country is still open to the public. After crossing the tops of these mountains you will drop down into a little valley. The road winds under scrub oaks and after a few minutes follows a small stream.

Here you will find trout, and three deep pools where one can swim. And the sun really does shine here. If you drive slowly it will probably take you two hours. And you will find it is well worth your while to spend a day discovering the Cachagua.

—J. L.

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

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The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

Did you ever think of the number of enduring songs there are whose themes extol the grandeur and the romance of rivers located in various sections of this country and abroad. Off hand I recall such popular compositions as "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "The Wabash," "Old Man River," "The Blue Danube," "The Volga Boat Song," etc. What I am leading up to is this: When will someone broadcast to the world a lasting melody telling of the beauties of the Carmel River—Rio del Carmelo. THE VILLAGER invites contributions.

Recently I conversed with a man who has become enamored of Carmel. He was really a poet, in thought at least. Strolling along the Carmel beach, he spoke of the mounting waves on rock and shore as "The majesty of the sea." The lofty pines inland were referred to as "The silent army marching down the ages."

A local citizen who had been the victim of a minor wrong, for which the law and the statutes provided no recourse, remarked: "There ought to be a law for this." On the other hand one often hears that we have too many laws now. "Consistency, where is thy jewelry," as a South-of-Market legislator once remarked in Sacramento.

Carmel's police morals squad is eagle-eyed and efficient when it comes to keeping in shore-line limits frequenters of the beach who wear risqué attire. Once in a while, however, a "pip" escapes them and disports her Mae West curves on Ocean Avenue and on Dolores Street. I saw one afoot yesterday.

Names designating sections in cities are interesting. In New York is the Bowery, The Battery, Greenwich Village; in London, Whitechapel; in Chicago, The Gold Coast and The Loop; in San Francisco, North Beach, Telegraph Hill and The Mission; In Carmel, Tortilla Flat and The Eighty Acres.

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
for
County Auditor

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes announces that this year will be National Park Year. He urges that the people of the United States "give the country's National Parks a trial" by spending their vacations in these "areas of natural beauty." There are several such parks in California.

On the recommendation of the finance committee of the Los Angeles City Council, registration and licensing of all bicycles in that city at 50 cents per annum will probably be enacted into law. Other cities, large and small, may do the same thing.

The forces of education, culture and of recreational reading will no doubt bring much influence to bear to halt the reported tentative plan to reduce the amount set aside from city taxes to support the privately built, municipally maintained public library. A previous curtailment of funds was made under strong protest.

YE TOWNE CRIER, in trouthe, shal be redye for perusal June syxthe.

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

RE-ELECT

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of Schools

27 years continuous
service as teacher, principal, superintendent
in California schools

Settlement in Suit Effective Now

The \$10,000 suit instituted by Mrs. Maude DeYoe against the Firemen's Fund Insurance Company, involving a policy held by her husband, has been compromised. Terms of the settlement have not been given out. The action had been tried before Judge H. G. Jorgensen, and an early decision had been anticipated.

Stillwell Home Now Finished

The attractive new Stillwell residence near Reamer Point is completed. Col. Joseph W. Stillwell and family, now in San Diego, will shortly occupy their new home permanently.

WALTER R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

Re-elect

Howard · F · Cozzens
County Surveyor

ELECT Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
Primary Election, August 28th

Retain

Harry · L
Noland
INCUMBENT

District Attorney
of
Monterey County

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
CITIZENS! CITIZENESSES!
HARK!!!

It's coming...



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June sixth

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enjoyment of all . . . to be read by those who value
a publication dedicated to the best of belle lettres.